The RISE and PROGRESS

Of C------r W------v------ll.

An excellent New Song, to the Tune of Captain Barber.

COME all you jolly Freeholders that own yorkſhire's wide plains,
Come liſten to my ditty, ſince it a plot explains,
A plot our birth-right liberties to finiſh at a blow,
The author parſon W--v--ll, the man whom well you know.

This man was bred in Scotland, as I have oft been told;
And how he ever got from thence I think I can unfold,
He married a rich lady, who gave him her eſtate,
Since which the devil puffed him up with thoughts of being great.

Though riches he has plenty, with goods of every kind,
With water, parks, and gardens, and houſe unto his mind,
Yet he could ne'er contented be with all that he had got,
Until his ſly ambition deviſed the following plot.

One evening after ſupper the glaſs was circling round
The pompous man of Cleveland was at the table found,
A ſtory-telling General, a Scribe, and ſome few more,
Whom we well know ſoon after were joined by many a ſcore.

Now W--v--ll dont want cunning, you oft have heard him ſpeak
With his well-powdered wig on, his face ſo pale and ſleek;
So thrice he cough'd, and ſhook his head, thrice roll'd his eyes about,
Though aukwardneſs he ſtammer'd thrice, at length theſe words came out.

Alaſs! I am ſore afflicted, friends, with terror and vexation,
When on the ſtate I ponder of this once happy nation;
That ſcoundrel Jemmy Twitcher, that rogue lord N---h alſo,
With raſcals by the dozen have laid our country low.

Quoth the great man of Cleveland, what W--v--ll ſays is true,
Yet 'tis but of ſmall conſequence to either him or you,
Unleſs we ſome advantage gain by kicking up a riot,
'Pon honour you muſt all allow 'tis better to be quiet.

You take me for a fool, ſir, cries W---v---ll in a paſſion,
Poſſeſſing my large fortune ſuch a raſh ſcheme to daſh on,
Was I not well perſwaded their knaveries ſhould I fiſh up,
The K--g would ſoon reward me by making me a biſhop

Odſo! the little general cries, I never thought of that,
A commanderſhip in chief, my boys, would ſuit me very pat;
Beſides I could proviſion make for children half a ſcore,
And after them my Nephews dear, near thrice as many more.

At this the man of Cleveland looked more than uſual big,
He fixed his eye moſt ſtedfaſtly upon the parſon's wig;
If that becomes a mitre, ſure a coronet's my due:
Where e'er you lead, good gentleman, I mean to follow you.

I own I find it hard to ſay, whether at this conſultation,
Or after they took to themſelves the ſtyle---aſſociation;
A man near Greeta-Bridge was heard to howl out like a beaſt,
Hell and d--mn--n I mun be a barrow-knight at leaſt.

I need not here relate how theſe folks have ever ſince
Been teazing the whole nation from the beggar to the prince,
How they have clogged the government that we may truly ſay,
We owe them the bad peace with France, Spain and America.

But this is not the queſtion I would have you to dwell on;
Were I to number all their pranks I ſhould for ever tell on,
I'd have you only notice that W--v--ll lately ſent,
Four members from this country to the next parliament.

What boots it then from dukes and lords, and men of high degree,
With ſteadineſs unequalled you've dared to become free;
If vile aſſociators muſt lead you by the noſe:
To ſell you for a penſion is all that they propoſe.

Let us, my friends, with diligence watch every ſtep they take,
And when we catch them tripping ſome dire examples make,
We may with rapture then behold Old England once again,
The ſeat of Heaven-born freedom, and miſtreſs of the main.